Fal. Of what qualitie is your loue then?
Ford. Ifaith sir, like a faire house set vpon
Another mans foundation. (me?
Fal. And to what end haue you vnfolded this to
For. O sir, when I haue told you that, I told you
For she sir stands so pure in the firme state (all:
Of her honestie, that she is too bright to be looked
Against: Now could I come against her
With some detectiō, I should sooner perswade her
From her marriage vow, and a hundred such nice
Tearmes that sheele stand vpon.
Fal. Why would it apply well to the veruensie
of your affection, (ioy?
That another should possesse what you would en-
Meethinks you prescribe verie propostrously
To your selfe.
For. No sir, for by that meanes should I be cer-
taine of that which I now misdoubt.
Fal. Well M. *Brooke*, Ile first make bold with your
Next, giue me your hand. Lastly, you shall (mony,
And you will, enioy *Fords* wife.
For. O good sir.
Fal. M. *Brooke*, I say you shall.
Ford. Want no mony Syr *Iohn*, you shall want
Fal. Want no Misteris *Ford* M. *Brooke*, (none.
You shall want none. Euen as you came to me,
Her spokes mate, her go between parted from me:
I may tell you M. *Brooke*, I am to meet her
Between 8. and 9. for at that time the Iealous
Cuckally knaue her husband wil be from home,
Come to me soone at night, you shall know how
I speed M. *Brooke*.

Ford.

Ford. Sir do you know *Ford*? (him not,
Fal. Hang him poore cuckally knaue, I know
And yet I wrong him to call him poore. For they
Say the cuckally knaue hath legions of angels,
For the which his wife seemes to me well fauored,
And Ile vse her as the key of the cuckally knaues
Coffer, and there's my randeuowes.
Ford. Meethinkes sir it were very good that you
Ford, that you might shun him. (knew
Fal. Hang him cuckally knaue, Ile stare him
Out of his wits, Ile keepe him in awe
With this my cudgell: It shall hang like a meator
Ore the wittolly knaues head, M. *Brooke* thou shalt
See I will predominate ore the peasant,
And thou shalt lie with his wife. M. *Brooke*
Thou shalt know him for knaue and cuckold,
Come to me soone at night.

Exit Falstaffe.

Ford. What a damned epicurian is this?
My wife hath sent for him, the plot is laid:
Page is an Asse, a foole. A secure Asse,
Ile sooner trust an Irishman with my
Aquauita bottle, Sir *Hu* our parson with my cheese,
A theefe to walk my ambling gelding, thē my wife
With her selfe: then she plots, then she ruminates,
And what she thinkes in her hart she may effect,
Sheele breake her hart but she will effect it.
God be praised, God be praised for my iealousie:
Well Ile goe preuent him, the time drawes on,
Better an houre too soone, then a minit too late,
Gods my life cuckold, cuckold.

Exit Ford.

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